

Bogus Billionaire by Shining Riviera (Caroline Evans)

Chapter 12

Bogus Billionaire by Shining Riviera (Caroline Evans) Chapter 12

Chapter 12

Caroline was in critical condition. **That** knowledge made Kirk's gaze darken as a murderous aura washed over him.

The nurse shuddered as she recalled how he had burst in. She worried that he would punch her. Thank goodness he had moved far away and was busy making a call.

"Ask the blood bank to prepare for a blood transfusion immediately," Kirk said while gripping his phone, his voice grave.

His assistant hesitated on the other end of the line. "Mr. Morrison, didn't you say you don't want others to know that you're **back-**"

"Just do what I say!"

"Understood." The assistant paled and did as he **was** told.

After hanging up, Kirk closed his eyes and slowly let out a sigh. He was still mad and had **not** let go of it. He returned to the operation room to see the red light above the door still lit, as though it was prophesying something.

Half an hour later, Sean walked out of the **operation room** looking worn out. "Caroline's fine. She'll wake up at around **night time.**"

The frown **on** Kirk's tensed face vanished in an instant, replaced by a much gentler expression. "Thank you so much."

Sean shook his head and cast a glance around before pulling Kirk to a corner. "There's something I have to tell you."

"What is it?" Kirk's gaze was locked in the direction of the operating room.

Sean followed his gaze and said, "Logically speaking, there shouldn't be any severe bleeding. **The** surgeon's highly experienced, too, so a blunder like this shouldn't have happened." Kirk finally averted his gaze to look at Sean. There was confusion in his eyes.

"You think that the surgeon wants her dead?"

"For now, we can't be sure if it's accidental or intentional."

"Got it."

Kirk barely finished speaking when he saw a nurse pushing Caroline out of the operating room. He rushed after them. Sean looked at Kirk's gradually disappearing silhouette and raised an eyebrow. "The divorce probably won't ever happen."

The nurse left after moving Caroline to the ward. Now, **the** only people left in the room were Kirk and Caroline.

His brows scrunched together as he stared at **her**, looking as pale as a sheet on the bed. He sat beside her and subconsciously reached out to hold her small, tender wrist. **The** young woman's hands were **so** light, it was as if they weighed nothing. It was as though she would fly away **and** leave at any moment. He tightened his grip on **her hands**.

Gradually, night fell, and the moon rose into the night sky.

Caroline's eyelashes trembled ever so slightly as she lay on the bed. "Kirk she muttered . Kirk, who was taking a rest beside her, opened his eyes. His gaze was dark and weary.

*Kirk..." muttered Caroline. Her parched lips slowly moved as she called out his name. He gripped her hand tightly as if trying to give her all of his strength. "I'm right here."

Tears rolled down her face as she said, "I'm sorry..." It was as though she could hear him.

Startled, Kirk

inched closer to her and whispered in her ear, "Why are you sorry?" His deep, **raspy** voice was magnetic.

Abruptly, Caroline started waving her limbs wildly as if **being** provoked or stimulated by something. "No! Let me go! No!" she screamed.

Seeing her reaction, Kirk immediately took her in his arms **as** if he was coaxing a child. He patted her back gently and said, "It's okay. Everything's okay..."

Caroline gradually calmed down, leaning on Kirk's firm chest. The light fragrance from her roused him from his reverie, and he suddenly realized he was hugging her. Logically, he knew he should let go of her, yet he did not. After quite some time, a muffled voice sounded from between his arms.